

One Wild Night by xSpookyxSpicex

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Summary:

Upon discovering that Steve likes boys, Billy offers to take him to a gay bar on the edge of town to get him laid. There's one problem: Billy keeps cock-blocking Steve.

1. The Male Box

Author's Note:

This fic was inspired by a post on tumblr, prompting the idea of Billy being a wingman for Steve, but cock-blocking him throughout the night. I thought this was a fun idea and a good opportunity to explore Billy's character. I didn't expect it to be this long, but there is more to come. As for my other fics, I promise I haven't abandoned them. I've just been going through a lot of crap in my life, lately, and need an outlet.

P.S. The character of Delilah is inspired by the delightful Jinkx Monsoon.

Steve wasn't sure what baffled him the most: the fact that he'd lived in Hawkins his whole life and never knew that there was a gay bar on the edge of town or the fact that Billy Hargrove, of all people, was the one who told him about it and was taking him there. It was strange enough that the prick had figured him out just by looking at him—"Think I don't know another queer when I see one, pretty boy?"—but the strangest thing was the fact that he was actually doing this as a favour.

"It's hard finding good dick in this shit-hole," he explained after he found out. "That's why we've got places like *The Male Box*. It's a gay bar just on the edge of town. I know a few people there, so you won't even have to worry about ID. So how's about I take you there, find you some good dick, and get you laid?"

It was an offer that Steve couldn't refuse. Reluctantly, he agreed and by six o'clock that evening, he was soon in the front seat of the Camaro, listening to Guns N' Roses, and going to a gay bar with the boy who had just a few months ago beat the shit out of him. It was only six o'clock and it was already looking to be an interesting night.

"How did you even hear about this place?"

Billy simply shrugged. "I have my ways."

"I *still* don't get why you're doing this."

"Because, Harrington, you need to get laid."

"And why do I *need* to get laid? I can still get my hands on a girl, you know?"

"Yeah? Which one? That Wheeler chick?"

Steve sighed at the very mention of Nancy. Her slurred words still echoed in his head. *Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit.* "Thanks for bringing *that* up, asshole. I was wondering if this evening could get more uncomfortable."

Billy chuckled lightly. Steve wondered briefly if he was being sarcastic or was genuinely amused.

"Look," said the young rebel. "I'm doing this for you because I know what it's like to be in the closet. Whether you're gay, bi, or whatever, it sucks. It sucks to have to hide all the time and it sucks to have to pretend to be something you're not, so you gotta let off some steam every now and then. If anyone needs that, it's you."

"Gee, thanks."

"Don't mention it."

Steve rolled his eyes. "Why are you being so nice to me, anyway?"

Billy kept his eye on the road, but there was a weak smile playing at the corner of his lip. "Because we're not so different."

Steve had to laugh. "Not so different? Hargrove, we're like night and day! We've got nothing in common."

"We're both closet cases, aren't we? And you're not the only one here who's been burned either."

Steve could only stare until the other boy. Before he could open his mouth to ask who had burned him, the car stopped. He felt his heart

drop to the pit of his stomach when he saw what Billy had called a bar. The building before him was hardly a building at all. It was no more or less than a tiny black house.

“You’re kidding me,” he said. “This is it? You drove me to the edge of town to bring me to a dingy old shack in the middle of nowhere?”

Billy smirked. “Didn’t anyone tell you not to judge a book by its cover? Come on.”

Sighing heavily, Steve followed Billy into the little shack. At the door was a desk, where a large, hairy, tattooed man, was reading a book. Steve thought for a moment that he should be afraid of him, as he looked as if he could eat him up and use his bones to pick his teeth. That was until he looked up to them and smiled brightly.

“Billy!” he beamed. His voice was strangely high-pitched. “Long time, no see.”

“Hey, Joe! How’s the missus?”

“Oh, he’s doing much better, thanks. Who’s your friend?”

“This is my good buddy Steve. He’s kinda new to the scene, so I thought I’d give him a little initiation.”

“Hi,” Steve said. His voice was weak and he wasn’t sure how to feel about having Billy’s arm wrapped around his waist.

“Well, Steve, it’s always nice to see a fresh face. Give me your hand.”

Steve offered his hand and felt the stamp on his wrist, imprinting the symbol of an envelope sealed with a heart. Once Billy was also stamped, the boys paid their fee and were led to a door hidden in the back. The door opened to a stairwell that got darker and darker with each step. Steve could already feel the rhythm pulsing through the walls. Once they reached the bottom of the stairs, Billy opened the door for Steve.

Steve’s jaw dropped.

The Male Box was everything that he had expected and nothing that

he'd ever seen before. All he could see was a black room illuminated by bright lights changing from one colour to the next: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. The music, if he could call it that, was deafening and its electronic pulse seemed to vibrate through his body. Men of all shapes, sizes, and colours danced to a beat of their own and wore next to nothing. Some were dressed in extravagant costumes: drag queens, sexy fairies, twinkles with bunny ears, bears in BDSM gear. Steve looked down on himself and silently cursed his more sensible jeans and sweater.

Billy's heavy hand was on his shoulder. "Worth the ride?"

"Definitely," Steve tried to say, but the music had drowned out his voice. He had to shout. "Definitely worth the ride!"

Billy was smiling; honest to God, *smiling*. It wasn't the wicked grin that Steve was so used to seeing on the bastard's face, but a genuine smile. He looked different.

"C'mon," he boomed. "Let's get you a drink."

Billy led Steve to the bar, where a woman—or, at least, what *looked* like a woman—was mixing serving drinks. She looked like the leading lady of a silent film and was dressed in a silver gown that shone so brightly, even in the dark. Her face shimmered just as much, from the blinding glitter on her big eyes to the crimson on her lips. Steve only had to look at her bright red monster of a wig to tell that she was a man.

Her eyes lit up when she saw Billy. "Hey, gorgeous!"

"Delilah," Billy smirked and kissed the drag queen's bejewelled knuckles. "Can I get the usual and a little something for my friend, here?"

"Of course. What'll it be, sweetie?"

Steve was stammering. "Uh...can I get a beer?"

The drag queen smirked. "You must be new."

"You're gonna have to be more specific than that, pretty boy," Billy

explained. "You see, Delilah here is a white witch; a real potion's mistress. You could give her sewer water and once she works her magic, she'll make you think you were drinking from the holy grail itself."

"Oh, stop!" Delilah chimed with a mock blush. "Tell you what; I'm gonna whip up something special for you. When's your birthday?"

"Um, July the fifth."

"Cancer. Good sign. Billy, honey, you better hold onto this one."

"Oh, we're not..."

Before Steve could explain, Delilah was tossing the drinks together in a mixer at an incredible speed. At some point, she even twirled a bottle in the air, clearly showing off. Steve's drink was ready in less than two minutes. Billy's was ready in less than one.

"One champagne mojito for the Cancer," she said. "And a good old fashioned old-fashioned for my favourite Leo. It's on the house."

Billy was beaming once he took his drink. "You're a gem, Del."

"I know I am. Just don't get used to it, okay? I don't always come cheap."

Steve was cautious with his drink. He half-expected to smell the heavy fuel he'd had at house parties, but the drink in his hand smelled cool and fresh. It almost smelled of summer and for a moment he felt like he was relaxing on the beach on a hot day in July. The first sip was sweet with ripe lime and the second bitter with fresh mint.

"This is amazing," he said with a smile. "Thanks, man...er, ma'am."

The drag queen laughed merrily and shot him a saucy wink. "Any time, sweetie."

Steve turned to Billy, who suddenly seemed to show a deep fascination with his drink. "She seems nice."

“Delilah? Yeah, she’s the best.”

“Does she always do that? Mix drinks for people based on their star sign, I mean.”

“Yeah, it’s kind of her thing. She’s really into Zodiac and Tarot and all that shit. She likes to put a theme to her drinks. Usually, it’s something witchy like that.”

“Is she really a witch?”

There was that chuckle again. “No one knows, but if I can offer a word of advice: it’d be best not to keep a secret from her ‘cause she’ll read you like a book. It’s like she’s psychic or something.”

“Do *you* have any secrets, Billy?”

Steve hadn’t meant for the question to sound as suggestive as it did. Perhaps the drink was already getting to him. For a moment, he expected the other boy to recoil in horror, but then remembered where they were. Instead, Billy simply smiled.

“Enough yapping,” he said. “Let’s get you laid.”

“I’ll drink to that.”

As the boys clinked their glasses together and did so, they both had the feeling that it was going to be a good night.

2. Boys, Boys, Boys

The first to approach Steve was a tall and lean bleach-blond with sharpest cheekbones. His deep blue eyes were heavily lidded and he was dressed from head to toe in leather. Wrapped around his neck was a spiked dog collar. At first, Steve wondered if he should be intimidated by the clearly much older punk, but then he smiled as he said next to him

“Hi,” he purred. His voice sounded of velvet. “Haven’t seen you around here.”

“I’m new,” Steve explained, trying and failing to hide his blush behind his drink. Whoever this man was, he had a beautiful smile.

“I could tell.” The handsome stranger looked pointedly to the jeans and sweater that Steve was wearing. Steve looked down and felt his cheeks suddenly growing hotter.

“Yeah,” he had to laugh. “I guess I stick out like a sore thumb, don’t I?”

“I wouldn’t say that’s a bad thing.”

“Why not?”

“‘Cause if you hadn’t, I wouldn’t have spotted you.”

Steve had to bite his lip to keep from smiling so much. There was a gorgeous stranger sitting right next to him and he was flirting with him.

“I’m Alex.”

“Steve.”

When Steve shook Alex’s hand he felt a cool thrill rushing through his body. Alex had a good firm grip. Steve couldn’t help but wonder how that grip would feel on his cock.

“So, Steve, how’d you find out about this place?”

“A friend brought me here.”

“Which friend?”

“This friend,” Billy’s voice intruded. Steve’s smile fell when he felt the bastard’s strong arm wrapping around his shoulders. “Hey, Alex! How’ve you been? Did that nasty infection clear up yet or is Prince Albert not doing it for you?”

Alex looked coldly at Billy. “Of course. I should have known he was yours, Billy.”

Steve’s eyes widened. “Oh, we’re not...I mean, I’m not his...”

But Billy’s grip tightened around Steve, almost as if he were claiming him. “Well, y’all know I’ve got a type. I like my pretty boys and this one’s as pretty as they come, aren’t you, sweetheart?”

Alex sneered and walked away. He quickly faded into the crowd before Steve could call back for him. Growling, he slapped Billy’s hand away from his shoulder.

“What was that for?”

“I was doing you a favour,” Billy said coolly. “You’ll wanna stay away from him. He’s bad news.”

“Oh, and you’re a saint?”

“Compared to the likes of Alex? Yeah, I am. I may be an asshole, but I’m not the one who keeps a hidden camera in my bedroom.”

Steve’s eyes widened. “A hidden camera?”

Billy nodded. “It’s kind of his thing. He gets off on it. He’ll take a pretty boy like you home and show you a good time, but he won’t tell you about the camera hidden in the bookshelf. He sure as hell won’t tell you who he sent the tape to either. You spend the night with Alex and the next morning you’re the gay porn scene’s next fresh face.”

Steve felt his blood run cold at the thought of his first time with a

guy being spread across town. He was suddenly hit with the mental image of his own naked body being pounded on the big screen and the small screen for all to see. It almost made him sick.

Billy had saved him from the guy. Somehow, that seemed weirder than the thought of people watching him having sex with another guy.

“Um,” he murmured. “Thanks.”

“Just looking out for you, man.”

Steve furrowed his brow. “You’re looking out for me?”

“Yeah. Folks like us need to look out for each other, right?”

“I guess. Who’s Prince Albert, anyway? Is that some other drag queen, or a nickname for a boyfriend, or a code for something, or what?”

Billy laughed and Steve could hear Delilah laughing with him from behind the bar. Was he missing something? His stomach tightened when the other boy leaned over to him and he whispered in his ear. He nearly choked on the last of his mojito.

“Holy shit! Really?!”

Billy smiled and ruffled Steve’s hair. “Yeah, I know you’re still a virgin to all this, but you’ll get the hang it.”

“Jesus! I’m gonna need another drink. Delilah, can I get another mojito, please?”

When the ruggedly handsome blond named Marco stole a dance with Steve, Billy stole the dance from him in turn. When the roguish ginger named Patrick touched Steve’s thigh, Billy barged in between them for another drink. When the cheeky brunet named Owen offered to buy Steve another drink, Billy bought the drink for him.

Steve was beginning to lose count of these events. At first, he thought Billy was just looking out for him, like he said he was, but then he

kept pushing and shoving at any opportunity that crossed his path. Billy may well have whipped it out and pissed on Steve's leg to mark his territory. It was getting more than a little annoying. He was close to slapping the prick upside the head.

"You brought me here to get me laid," he wanted to say. "Not cock-block me all night."

Eventually, the boys kept their distance. Steve was three mojitos deep when he made the poor decision to dance. He wasn't completely wasted, but he was pleasantly buzzed enough to agree to dance. To him, that meant he was drunk enough. He could not have cared less of the deafening rhythm or the suffocating crowd. Even the existence of second left foot went ignored. All of that seemed trivial to the way his heart raced and his head spun.

His head stopped spinning when his gaze landed on a handsome stranger.

There were plenty of handsome strangers on the dance floor, but in his head, he called this particular stranger Heathcliff, as he certainly looked like the ruffian in Emily Brontë's book. He was a tall, tanned, and tattooed mountain of a man with black hair that reached past his broad shoulders. The fact that he was wearing next to nothing but a pair of leather pants made Steve's cock stir.

Heath moved closer and was soon dancing with Steve. Before long, he was moving closer and closer until they weren't so much dancing as well as fucking on the dance floor. His jeans were already getting tighter.

"You could at least ask me out to dinner first," he joked. "I don't always dance with someone on the first date."

Heath responded with a seductive smirk. "Is that how you play?"

Steve laughed but bit his tongue before it let out that he didn't quite know how to play. Billy was right when he said that he was a virgin to all of this. How did a man date another man? How did a man have sex with another man?

Hopefully, Heath would show him.

“Not always,” he said, which wasn’t entirely a lie. “How do *you* play?”

Heath took a step closer and placed his warm hands on Steve’s hips. “Meet me in the bathroom in a couple of minutes and maybe I’ll show you.”

For a moment, Steve thought that Heath was about to kiss him. If this was going to be his first kiss leading to his first time with another man, he didn’t care if he didn’t even know his name. Before he could lean into the other man, Heath sped past him and headed towards the bathroom without looking back. Steve had to bite his lip to keep from squealing like a schoolgirl.

When he reached the bathroom, Heath was leaning against the wall with his arms crossed. There was a wicked smirk playing at his full lips and Steve could already see the monstrous bulge in his pants.

“Well,” Heath said. “Do you want to play or not?”

Steve smiled and stepped towards Heath. Before he could lean in for a kiss, his back was to the wall and a pair of large, rough, and warm hands were all over him. He could feel the bulge grinding against his own and wondered what to do with it. Did he touch it like he touched himself? Did he put it in his mouth like his past girlfriends had done for him? Did he take it up the ass like the porn stars did? How the hell did someone take it up the ass?

No sooner did Steve open his mouth to ask than the door opened. Heath froze stiff.

“Sorry, fellas,” said the blonde punk. “I couldn’t wait.”

Billy practically waltzed into the bathroom and stopped at a urinal. Steve could already feel himself going soft once he heard the zip followed by the trickle. It was on the tip of his tongue to tell the bastard to fuck off, but then he felt a weight off of him. Heath took one look at him and shook his head before leaving the room.

Steve couldn’t take it anymore.

“What the fuck, Hargrove?”

Billy didn't even look up. “Can't a guy take a leak without being yelled at?”

“No, seriously, what the fuck? Is this some kind of joke you're playing?”

“I'm not playing anything, Harrington, just going to the bathroom.”

“Bullshit! You've been cock-blocking me all night.”

“Have I? I'm sorry.”

“Don't give me that. You've been doing this on purpose, haven't you? Is this some kind of elaborate prank? Did some friends at school put you up to this?”

Billy casually shrugged and zipped up his pants before washing his hands. Steve's eyes widened. His face was burning.

“That's it, isn't it?”

Finally, Billy looked up to meet Steve's eye. “What?”

“You just did this to fuck with me, didn't you?”

“No, Steve, I...”

“You did! Admit it; you not only gained *my* trust, but the trust of other people, just so you could lure me into this bar and fuck with me for an entire night so that you could tell all of your little cronies that you got to smear the queer for a bit. Because it was funny. Because it's fun toying with people's lives. Because you hate me that much, don't you?”

“I don't...that's not true.”

“No? So why *did* you bring me here, then?”

Billy froze. His eyes were locked on Steve's and he almost looked as if he was about to say something, but then he closed his mouth.

Steve huffed and walked away. “Fuck you!”

“Steve, wait!”

Steve stopped, but only to snarl at Billy. “You know,” he said. “For a while, I was *actually* having a good time with you. I’ve seen some crazy shit, but the craziest shit was that...well, fuck, I was actually thinking that you weren’t that bad of a guy. I guess I was wrong.”

It wasn’t until the door slammed shut that Billy let the tears fall.

3. Adam and Steve

Billy was nursing another old-fashioned when he watched Steve dance, or at least try to. The pretty boy was drunk. It was fucking adorable. Steve was fucking adorable.

It wasn't the first time he'd seen the other boy dancing like an idiot. That was on Halloween. King Steve. That's what they called him. When Billy heard that title he was half-expecting to meet some big, strong, muscle man twice his size. Instead, he was met face-to-face with this pale, skinny, doe-eyed pretty boy with his little girlfriend in their *Risky Business* costumes. Maybe Billy was too tipsy from that keg stand to think straight, but anything that Steve's former cronies said to him seemed to go in one ear and out the other and all he could do was stand there before him like a dumbass and stare at him.

He almost reminded him of Adam. Almost.

Billy didn't want to admire Steve. He didn't want to stare at him in class like some love-sick schoolgirl. He didn't want to preen like a fucking peacock in basketball practice just to get his attention. He didn't want to leer at his lean little body in the showers. He didn't want to fight the urge to grab him by his stupid hair and kiss the life out of him. He didn't want to dream of him sneaking into his room at night to fuck him senseless. He didn't want to lose count of all the times he'd come with his name on his lips. He certainly didn't want to fall in love with him.

He knew full well that it was dangerous to fall in love. Love made even the strongest men weak. Adam had made him weak. Billy wasn't weak.

Although he knew what even a moment's weakness could do to him, when he found *The Male Box*, he took the chance like a starving man would take a piece of bread. He hadn't expected to be welcomed with open arms, nor was he expecting to actually make friends. Sometimes he felt like he was back home with old friends in new skins. If he was lucky, he would find a pretty boy to fool around with in an empty bathroom stall. He never called them back, of course, and very few of

them expected to; least of all, the gorgeous brunet that he'd accidentally called Steve while he was taking it up the ass.

Steve was different. He was good. He was kind. He was beautiful. He was nothing like Billy.

As he continued to watch the pretty boy, he leaned against the bar and felt the burn of his next old-fashioned down his thoughts.

"Wow," Delilah's voice chimed behind him. "You've got it bad, haven't you?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Honey, don't play dumb with me. It doesn't look good on you. I'm talking about that cutie over there."

Billy looked to the older drag queen and then back to the dance floor. Steve was throwing his head back and forth and jumping up and down like a marionette. Even as a drunken dancing fool, he was beautiful.

"Don't think I haven't noticed that you've got a type."

Billy smirked. "I can't hide anything from you, can I?"

Delilah shook her head. "So, how long have you been pining for him?"

"Probably since my folks and I moved into this shit-hole."

"And you haven't made a move yet because...?"

"I didn't think he'd be interested."

Delilah raised a well-drawn eyebrow. "Billy, come on."

"I'm serious! First time I saw the guy, he had a girlfriend. I thought he was straight until I saw him ogling the boys in the changing rooms after gym class. That's why I brought him here. I thought he'd like it. I said it'd get him laid, but I was kinda hoping that *I'd* be the one getting him laid, you know? I didn't think he'd actually flirt with

other guys, so...”

“So that’s why I keep seeing you tormenting the poor little fella.”

Billy stared into his drink like a fortune-teller looked into a teacup until he felt a warm and calloused hand on his cheek.

“You’re scared,” said Delilah

“Wouldn’t you be after...? Well...”

The drag queen sighed sadly. “Adam was an asshole. What he did to you I wouldn’t wish on my worst enemy, but you gotta get back on the horse sometime. Steve ain’t Adam and you know that.”

“How do you know?”

“You know me, honey. You said so yourself: I can read you like a fucking book. I can read that kid too and he’s a nice boy. He deserves to know how you feel.”

Billy finally smiled and took Delilah’s hand in his. “You really are a gem, Del. Joe’s lucky to have you.”

“I know. Oh, and one more thing: I heard that little tale you told about Alex.”

Billy winced. “Yeah, sorry about that.”

“Don’t apologize to me, apologize to *him*. That was a dick move, even for you, and if I hear you making shit like that up again just to get your dick wet, I’m raising the price of your precious old-fashioned.”

Billy laughed and kissed the palm of the drag queen's hand. “I will.”

“Good,” she smiled and patted him on the cheek before getting back to work. “And you might wanna tell that pretty boy how you feel soon before he goes home with that tall, dark, and handsome stranger over there.”

Billy furrowed his brow and when he looked towards the dancefloor, his blood ran cold, Steve was dancing with no stranger; at least, not a

stranger to Billy. He knew that tall and lean frame from the black mess of hair to the metal tipped cowboy boots. He knew that wolfish grin on a girlish face. Adam.

“Oh, shit.”

Startled, Delilah stopped shaking her next customer’s martini. “What is it?”

“Delilah,” Billy said through gritted teeth. “If anything happens, call Joe.”

Marching towards the dance floor, it took all of his strength to keep from retching when he saw that spidery hand running through that beautiful hair. The fucker was leaning in for a kiss. Picking up his speed, Billy was between the two within seconds. Adam was soon on the ground with a hard shove.

“Are you serious right now?” Steve asked through slurred words, but Billy kept his hand on his chest, guarding the boy.

“Stay away from him,” Billy towered Adam. “Do you hear me? You stay the fuck away from him!”

Adam shook his head and looked at Billy. His dark eyes lit up and his wicked smile made way for a piercing laughter that sent a cool rush throughout Billy’s body, as if someone had just walked over his grave.

“Holy shit,” he cackled. “Baby, is that you? Wow, you look amazing!”

“Get out of here, Adam.”

“W-wait,” Steve stammered. “What?”

“I’m warning you, Adam, you need to get out of here.”

“But, baby, I’m only here because of you. I’ve been looking all over for you. I haven’t heard a word from you since you left California, but then I heard that you’d been hanging out here all the time and I had to find you. I’ve missed you.”

As he slapped away the bony hand that reached to stroke his cheek, Billy heard Steve gasping. "He's your *ex*?!"

Billy looked to a wide-eyed Steve and then back to a smiling Adam.

"He didn't tell you about me?" Adam asked. "Billy and I go way back, don't we, baby?"

"Stop calling me that!"

"Why? You always loved it before."

"Things are different now."

Adam's smile was soon fading into a cold stare. Billy wasn't sure why until he looked down. He hadn't realized he'd been holding Steve's hand.

"So I see," Adam said coldly. "So, *this* is what you left me for? After all we've been through, all those times we spent together, all I fucking gave you, and you leave me for *that*? I saved your life, Billy! I was there for you when no one else was. Do you really think that little shit over there is going to care for you the way I do?"

"Leave him alone."

"Or what, Billy? You'll hit me?"

"Keep pushing me and I just might."

"Of course. You'll throw a tantrum, like you always do, right? You're no better than your old man."

Billy's face was burning. In a blinding second, he was thrusting himself at his old boyfriend until his back was to the ground. Adam had always been faster and stronger than he was. His long legs were wrapped around Billy's waist and his bony hands gripped at his shirt. He did not hit him. He never did. Instead, he laughed. It was that sharp and shrill laughter, followed by that wicked serpentine smirk, that still haunted his nightmares. Not even the cries in the crowd could drown out that horrible laugh.

"There you go," Adam cackled. "There's that fire I've missed so much!"

Before Billy could strike, Adam was all but thrown off of him. He soon felt himself being pulled back onto his feet. Steve stood by his side.

"You need to leave," Joe said sternly, holding Adam by the scruff of his jacket. His voice was deeper than usual, which was usually a sign that he was not to be messed with.

Joe was every definition of a bear. Billy knew him well enough to know that much. He was a cuddly teddy to some and a vicious monster to anyone who dared harm his cubs. No wonder Delilah loved him so much.

Billy watched as his friend dragged his ex-boyfriend out the door and felt a gentle hand on his shoulder. He turned to face a wide-eyed Steve and placed a hand on his cheek. "Are you okay?"

"Am *I* okay?" Steve laughed weakly. "You're the one who almost...he could have...who the hell was that?"

Billy sighed heavily. "It's a long story."

4. Billy's Story

Adam was out of sight, but not out of mind. Billy was still shaking. Steve could only hold his hand until they decided that it was time to go home. On their way out of the bar, they found Joe and Delilah outside the door sharing a cigarette in the night.

"Hey," Delilah said softly. "You boys okay?"

"We're fine," Steve nodded. He tried desperately not to slur his words. "We're just about to get a bite to eat and sober up before we go home, but we just wanted to say sorry for what happened back there."

Joe shook his head. "Don't worry about it. Billy, we know what Adam did to you and we don't really blame you for losing it, but try not to let that happen again."

Billy nodded sheepishly. Steve never thought he'd see the other boy look so shy.

Delilah placed two fingers below Billy's chin, lifting his gaze to hers. "You're okay now, honey. We've made sure he won't be coming back here, but you two are always welcome; especially you, sweetie." She winked at Steve, who couldn't help but blush.

Billy finally smiled and kissed her rough yet well-manicured hand. "Thanks, Del."

"Don't mention it. You boys get home safely, now, you hear me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The boys waved to the bear and the drag queen before leaving the bar. As they watched the younger boys walk away, they couldn't help but smile.

"They're cute together, aren't they?" Joe asked.

"Of course, they are. Our Billy's a Leo and that Stevie's a Cancer; they're basically sun and moon."

Joe smiled, wrapped a large arm around Delilah's shoulders and kissed her cheek.

Soon, the boys soon found a 24-hour diner just a corner away from the bar. Steve could already feel a hint of the hangover kicking in. Billy, on the other hand, felt nothing. When they ordered their food and coffee, he barely ate a thing. He simply watched as the other boy wolfed down an entire fry up meal.

"Adam was my first boyfriend," he began. "When I was living in California, I had this group of friends. We'd spend days on the boardwalk, nights sneaking into the fairground, looking for all kinds of trouble. Adam was the leader of the pack. I'd experimented with guys before, but he was different. Most guys would get bored after a couple of months of fooling around, but not him. He'd always be there for me. He was there whenever my dad got angry and when my mom got sick.

"My dad had always been an asshole, but he got worse after my mom died. He would always push me around whenever I did something, like talk back to him or look at him the wrong way. Adam was the only one I felt like I could turn to. I think he made me feel like he was the only one I could turn to, but I felt like I could really open up to him. I told him everything; how my dad would beat me up and how much I missed my mom. I felt safe with him. That was my mistake.

"I don't know when things started going wrong, exactly. Adam would get jealous if I started hanging out with other guys and I just figured it was because he wanted to protect me because he knew what my dad was like. Then he'd ignore me for days until coming back, crying and telling me how sorry he was and how much he loved me. Sometimes he'd say that I was the most beautiful thing to walk this earth, other times he'd make me feel like I was a burden to it. There were even times when he made me feel like I was going crazy.

"In spite of all of this, I *still* loved him. That sounds crazy, I know, but I kept telling myself that he loved me. He wasn't like my dad. He never hit me.

"Then my dad re-married and that's how Max came into the picture. You know her. She's a little shit, but she's smart. When she caught me and Adam fooling around, one day, I made her swear not to tell. That didn't last long. She told her mom and my dad and that's how we ended up here. I was so angry with her for what she did, but she told me that she just wanted to help me. She said she could see the way Adam was treating me. It was exactly like how other guys had treated her mom."

Billy looked up to find Steve staring with wide eyes and an open mouth. When he was finally able to speak, his voice was so fragile. "Is that what you meant earlier about being burned?"

"Yeah. I know it's different, but..."

"No, Nancy just *dumped* me. What he did to you...I didn't even know your dad was...or that your mom...and, Christ, all those times I called you an asshole..."

"It's okay, Steve. You didn't know."

"No, it's *not* okay. You didn't deserve any of that. No one does."

Billy hung his head and held his tongue for the better part of five minutes until a warm and soft hand reached for his. He looked up to find Steve smiling—honest to God, smiling—at him. He'd never smiled at him like that before.

"To be fair," Billy continued. "I was being an asshole tonight; more than usual. I'm always worried about becoming like my dad, but tonight I was just like Adam."

"You are nothing like him."

"Aren't I? I was just as jealous as he was whenever I saw you with another guy at the bar tonight."

Steve furrowed his brow. "You were jealous?"

"Of course, I was. Seeing all those guys flirting with you like that? It drove me crazy! I mean, I can hardly blame them. Look at you. Jesus, I wanted you since that Halloween party last year and it still takes all

of my strength to keep from jumping your bones every time I see you in school, especially after basketball practice. Not that I *wanted* to want you so much, anyway, it's not like I *meant* to fall in love with you. Jesus, if my old man found out..."

"Love?"

Billy's mouth ran dry. He didn't realize that he'd been rambling. Steve was staring at him with wide eyes and an open mouth.

"You love me?"

Billy swallowed. "I don't hate you."

Much to his surprise, a smile was just beginning to play at the corner of Steve's lips. He was even starting to laugh. Billy wasn't sure if he was laughing for joy or laughing at him.

"That's why you kept cock-blocking me, isn't it? You're in love with me!"

"Okay, maybe I am. And a little louder, please, I don't think anyone outside heard you."

"Why didn't you just tell me?"

"Why do you think? Someone like you and someone like me? You never would've looked my way."

Steve looked down to the hand he was holding. "Maybe I would have."

Billy rolled his eyes. "Come on."

"I mean it. Maybe I wouldn't have believed that you were a regular at a gay bar, that you had such weird and amazing friends there, that you could actually be a decent guy, or even that you...you know, but that was before tonight. Crazy night, huh?"

"Yeah," Billy laughed softly. "Crazy night."

As their laughter faded, Steve's grip tightened on Billy's hand.

“I don’t want it to end yet.”

5. Love is Love

They were still holding hands on the drive home. As Stevie Nicks' husky voice sang of the planets of the universe, their fingers laced together, as if never to let go. Steve certainly didn't want to let go. If someone had told him that, one night, he would be in the front seat of the Camaro with Billy Hargrove, of all people, driving home from a gay bar on the edge of town and actually holding the bastard's hand, he would have thought that someone were crazy. Steve must have been crazy. Then again, it had been a crazy night, and he wouldn't have had it any other way.

By the time they had reached Steve's house, dawn was fast approaching. Billy looked to see what looked like a castle compared to the little shack that he was so used to.

"Jesus," he murmured. "I always heard you had a nice place, Harrington, but you never told me you lived in a fucking mansion. How do you even...? Mmf!"

Billy's mouth was stopped with a kiss. Like all first kisses, it was rough and clumsy until the lips grew accustomed to one another. Steve was the first to part lips to make way for tongues. It wasn't quite how Billy had imagined his first kiss with Steve. The savage in him had often pictured a forceful crash of lips in the midst of a fight that would soon leave them both naked and writhing on the changing room floor. The romantic in him had always pictured a chaste peck on the lips turning into an intimate embrace on the football field after a picnic under the stars. An awkward smooch in the front seat of his car after one wild night seemed, strangely, better than anything his fantasies could have ever come up with. Their kiss seemed to linger even as they parted.

"Looks like you've got some fire in you after all."

Steve laughed softly and bit his lip. "Do you want to come inside?"

Billy's eyes widened. "Really? I mean, how drunk are you?"

"I'm not too drunk. Maybe still a little bit tipsy, but the meal sobered

me up.”

“Okay. Well, wouldn’t your folks...?”

“They’re in New York. They won’t be back for another couple of weeks.”

“That’s a long time. Do they leave you on your own a lot?”

“Yeah. I don’t mind, though, especially if it means that I can...well, you know.”

“Oh, I know!”

Steve was smiling into a much deeper kiss that left both he and Billy half-hard by the time they stepped out of the car and made their way to the front door. As Steve fumbled with his keys, Billy had to fight the urge to wrap his arms around the other boy’s waist, kiss the back of his neck, and show him just how hard he was getting.

Once the door was opened, the boys all but raced upstairs. Steve was giggling like a schoolgirl playing a game of tag. Before too long, Billy had finally caught him and had him pinned against the wall with a deep kiss that was locked between them. Steve fumbled through the door before he, in turn, had Billy pinned against his bedroom wall. Clever hands snaked their way under the sweat-soaked shirts that soon fell to the ground, followed by pressed jeans, ripped pants, and only one pair of briefs.

“Of course you go commando,” Steve joked, but he couldn’t hide the way he was shaking when he looked at Billy. It wasn’t the first time the boys had seen each other naked. They shared a changing room and had grown used to the hidden glances in the showers after basketball. Naked and hard, on the other hand, was something new.

“Are you okay?” Billy had to ask. “Do you want to stop?”

“No, I want this. It’s just...I’ve never...I mean, not *never*, I’m not a virgin, I just...”

“You’ve just never done it with another guy before.”

Steve shook his head and he was blushing. Billy couldn't help but smile and kissed him on the forehead.

"It's okay, Steve. I know you're new to this, so I want to make this good for you, but if you ever want to stop or if I do something you don't like, let me know, okay?"

Steve nodded. "Just tell me what to do."

Billy only smirked and laid a hand on Steve's chest, slowly leading him to the bed and pushing him down so that he was seated on the edge. He fell to his knees and tried not to salivate when he felt the older boy's dick twitch in his hand.

"You don't have to do anything," he said. "Not yet, anyway. First, I want to make you feel good."

Steve moaned, as Billy began to pump his cock with a firm grip. "This already feels good."

"Baby, I'm just getting started. I'm going to keep doing this until you're begging for my mouth..."

"God, Billy!"

"...and I'm gonna suck your cock like no other bitch has sucked it before, but I won't stop there."

"Oh, God!"

"While I'm sucking you off, I'm going to play with myself a little bit; just enough so that I'm stretched out and ready for you to fuck me. Just picture that, pretty boy: my lips wrapped around this big cock while I play with my ass for you. D'you like that?"

"Fuck, I love it! Billy, please!"

"Please what?"

"Please—oh, *fuck*—suck me! I want your mouth!"

Billy couldn't help but smile. Steve was already beautiful, but when

he was naked, hard, and begging to be sucked, he was gorgeous. He was especially gorgeous when his cock was licked from the balls to the tip. Even as he reached towards the nearby mess of clothes for the little bottle of lube in his jacket, Billy couldn't keep but gaze in awe the way Steve's eyes rolled into the back of his head. So fucking gorgeous!

As he inserted the first oil-slicked finger into his own hole, Billy took the head of Steve's cock between his lips. Steve threw his head back and bucked his hips. Once the second finger made its way in, Billy took the length in deeper and deeper with each bob of his head. Before long, he was all but swallowing the other boy whole. Steve's leg was shaking like a dog having its belly scratched and Billy could feel a hand grabbing his hair. He moaned at the way those clever fingers raked along his scalp, causing a vibration around Steve's cock that made him whine. It wasn't until Billy inserted a third finger into himself that Steve was practically crying.

"Billy! Oh, Jesus Christ! Billy!"

Steve opened his eyes and looked down to the boy between his legs. Billy was beautiful. He never thought he would think of the guy in such a way, but as he knelt before him, naked and hard, his hand almost up to the wrist inside of himself, and his mouth full of cock, he truly was beautiful.

"Billy, you...you're so...fuck, don't stop!"

Billy stopped. Before Steve could protest, Billy pushed him further into the bed. Crawling over him, he trailed a long line of kisses up his body before reaching his lips. Steve could taste himself on Billy's tongue.

"You want it, pretty boy?"

"Yes. God, I want you!"

Billy smiled and kissed him again. "Got any rubbers?"

Steve's eyes widened. "Uh...yeah, but do we really need one?"

"Oh, we'll need one."

“What for? I mean, it’s not like I’m gonna knock you up.”

“Just trust me on this one, pretty boy.”

As Steve reached for the long string of condoms in his bedside table, Billy bit his tongue. He wasn’t going to ruin the moment with the story of that one poor boy in his old group of friends who had caught the gay plague from a one-night stand at just sixteen.

Once the condom was rolled on, Billy moved to side astride Steve, took his cock in hand and pushed it into his hole. Steve’s cries may well have woken up the entire block. Billy was tighter than any pussy he’d ever fucked. He watched as the younger teen began to move, slowly at first, but soon riding him like a champion and touching himself while moaning his name.

“Billy, you-*fuck*-you’re beautiful! So fucking beautiful!”

“God, Steve, you have no idea how long I’ve wanted to hear you talk like that. You have no idea how long I’ve wanted this. Wanted you. You have no fucking idea!”

“You told me,” Steve took Billy’s free hand in his own and laced their fingers together. “Since that Halloween party, right?”

Billy leaned over with a wickedly warm smile and nodded. “I thought you were straight since you were with your little girlfriend at the time, but you were so fucking pretty, it never stopped me from wanting you so bad. Do you have any idea what you do to me?”

“Fuck, say it! Tell me.”

“You make me crazy. Seeing you every day at school, in the hallways, in basketball practice, in the fucking changing rooms...it drives me crazy! Seeing you in the showers after practice always gets me so hard I have to skip other classes just to jerk off in the bathrooms thinking about you. You’re just so fucking pretty!”

“Jesus, Billy!”

“And you know what really gets to me? What *really* drives me crazy? It’s the fact that you’re such a good person. I almost want to hate you

for what you do to me, but you're just so good. You're so good to the people around you, especially those kids. You're such a beautiful person! You-*fuck*-you're beautiful!"

"Oh, c'mere!"

With a growl drowned by a deep and hungry kiss, Steve grabbed Billy by the scruff of his neck and flipped him onto his back. As a pair of strong legs wrapped around his waist, he began to thrust into the young rebel at an erratic pace. Billy's fist tightened and quickened around his cock. Steve could only watch in absolute awe. They never broke eye contact.

"You look good like that, Billy."

"You feel so good, Steve. You're so fucking big!"

"Fuck, I'm gonna come!"

"Yes! Yeah, right there! Fuck me!"

"Oh, Billy!"

"Steve! God, I love you!"

Thick white ropes burst from the tip of Billy's cock and spilled across his chest. The sight alone was enough to bring Steve to the edge. His climax was strong and even as he collapsed to the other teen's side, he could still feel its aftershocks. Both boys were twitching and almost felt drunk on the euphoria.

Once his breath had caught up with him, Steve had to ask: "Do you really love me?"

"Yeah," Billy answered, but did not dare look him in the eye. "I do, but you don't have to love me back."

"Well, I don't hate you."

Billy furrowed his brow and turned to Steve, who was smiling at him. It wasn't a smug or sarcastic smile, but a soft and sweet smile that Billy had only seen on him when he looked at Nancy.

Once the drying semen was cleaned off and the used condom thrown in the trash, both boys had rolled onto their sides, facing each other. As their hands linked and their fingers entwined, Billy did his damndest to pretend that the gentle caresses trailing from his brow to his neck had no effect on him.

“I’m sorry.”

Steve stopped and stared. “What for?”

“Everything. For giving you hell at school, for...well, for *that* night and tonight, for being so fucked up.”

Steve smiled weakly and moved a blond curl away from Billy’s sweat-soaked brow. “It’s okay, Billy, it’s in the past and you’re not fucked up.”

“You don’t know that.”

“Trust me, man, I’ve seen some fucked up shit. I’ve also come across some fucked up people and I don’t see any of *them* being a regular at a gay bar, or being friends with a witchy drag queen, or even listening to Fleetwood Mac.”

Billy had to snicker. “I guess, but If you tell anyone I listen to that shit, pretty boy, you’re fucked.”

Steve smirked and raised an eyebrow. “Is that a threat or a promise?”

Both boys laughed until they fell into one another. Steve shuffled into Billy’s arms, which took him by surprise but it wasn’t long before their limbs were entwined in a gentle embrace. Before long, they could feel the heaviness of sleep overtaking them. It felt nice.

“Billy?” Billy simply hummed, just beginning to fall asleep. Steve kissed his cheek, making him smile. “Thanks for a great night.”